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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 7

YPSILANTI, MICH., DEC., 1916

No. 4

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"Now Christmas is come,
 Let us beat up the drum,
 And call all our neighbors together
 And when they appear,
 Let us make them such cheer,
 As will keep out the wind and the weather."
 —Irving.

Hilda's Christmas Idea

Ninetta Davis, '17

It occurred to Hilda on November 1st, the day before her father and her Uncle Robert made her their usual Christmas allowance. She was on the train coming home from the city, where she had spent a trying afternoon, as was evident by the downward curves in her face.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered to the window pane. "I'd never thot of that! The home is so nice and every thing is so pleasant, and they never have to worry about the future, but now I can see—"

At this moment the unexpected idea came to life. "The very thing," exclaimed Hilda aloud.

The conductor and other passengers turned as if each one thought she was referring to him, and each one saw the downward curves vanish and her face became cheerful.

At home her idea was met with disapproval and as usual her sister Anne was the first and last to speak.

"Why Hilda Nupper!" she cried, "what a crazy idea? I surely do wish that you had never seen that Old Ladies' Home! Aunt Bruce always does complain over every little thing."

Aunt Bruce, who had just recently become a member of the old Ladies' Home, had been a life long neighbor of the Nupper family.

"She never complained a bit, Anne" Hilda protested, "I just went there to visit her and I guess I saw a few things with these eyes of mine."

"Thank fortune I never was a favorite of

Aunt Bruce's," cut in Anne. "And, besides," she continued, "I don't believe in imposing on my best friends to carry out a foolish plan.

Hilda moved uneasily at the open criticism of her plan, but she made no reply.

Mr. and Mrs. Nupper said nothing. But her Uncle Robert banged his cane on the rug, and blew his nose with equal emphasis. After these expressions of disapproval, he snorted.

"Stuff and nonsense! That girl's head is as full of notions as my leg is of rheumatism, and about as hard to cure!" and he increased his allowance by the additions of two new, crisp bills, which made Hilda's eyes shine.

After Anne had cooled down somewhat, and after seeing the interest her Uncle Robert took in the idea, she offered to help Hilda buy presents for the old ladies.

"No, Anne," interrupted Hilda, "That is not my idea. They get enough presents and big dinners now as it is; my idea is much bigger than that."

"I suppose you will make your best friends suffer at the expense of a few old ladies," exclaimed Anne, "For surely after the beautiful presents you got last Christmas, you will have to return equally lovely ones this Christmas."

Hilda winced and thought of her allowance. It was unusually large this year due to her father's prosperity and her uncle's generosity. She knew she ought to return her friends beautiful gifts. But still her wonderful idea per-

sisted and in spite of all of Anne's mockery and teasing it stayed with her.

A few days later she went to the city, but not to shop, and when she came back, she wore no longer that troubled look.

"My Christmas gifts are all ordered!" she cried gayly as the other members of the family looked at her expectantly, "and such a lot of things I am going to give, too," she added.

And when a week before Christmas Hilda spread her gifts on the bed in formidable array, she confessed to herself that she had seen more beautiful ones. But it was only the knowledge of what lay behind all of those bags, purses, and knitted and sewed articles, that kept her spirits up, as she wrote out the cards that were to accompany the gifts.

"I'm glad I did it anyway," she said, aloud, just as Anne entered.

"Glad you did what?" asked Anne.

"Glad I got these things of the old ladies," she replied.

There was a moment's silence in which time Anne surveyed the things on the bed.

"Which of these things go to Mrs. Ellis?" she asked, "Oh, the red bed quilt, I guess," answered Hilda, "she can use it on the maid's bed.

"I doubt it," added Anne, "and keep the maid." Noting the down-cast look on her sister's face, after her cutting remark, Anne crossed over and laid a loving hand on her sister's shoulder, "Never mind dear, they will think it funny at first, and comment on it terribly, but they will soon forget."

Anne's words did have some truth in them. Hilda's gifts did get some disagreeable comments at first, but only at first, the change being brought about the day after Christmas by the ugly, red, bed quilt.

It all happened in Mrs. Ellis' parlor at a committee of which Mrs. Nupper was chairman. Mrs. Ellis' parlor was considered the most richly furnished room in town and great was the surprise of all the ladies present, to see the ugly red quilt spread over a fine upholstered couch.

"I intend to leave it there for a while," said the hostess, noting her guest's surprise, "and it means more to me than all the gifts I received yesterday put together."

There was a silence, some of the other guests had also received quilts from Hilda.

"I want to tell you why it means so much to me," Mrs. Ellis continued. "You all know that for a long time I have been interested in the Old Ladies' Home, and for years I have spent time and money on gifts for its inmates, A month ago I discovered what has been the matter with my plan.

"I'll tell you about this quilt, and then you will understand. I went to Granny Upton's room one day, and even though she has the sunniest and most pleasant room in the Home, I have never seen her happy before, until that day." Mrs. Ellis paused and stroked the quilt lovingly. "She was sitting up close to the window and working for all the life there was in her, and she was working on this quilt. She barely had time to talk to me, and only wanted two things of me. First, to go down and get some more red calico and to be quick about it. She said she was in a hurry to get it done as Hilda was going to pay her for it when it was finished." Mrs. Ellis' faced the committee with tears behind her smiles.

"And what do you suppose was the second thing she wanted me to tell her?"

There was a pause broken by eager voices telling her to go on. "Well," continued Mrs. Ellis, "she wanted me to go down town and get a pair of white kid gloves to give to an old lady in the next room." Every one smiled amid a whisking of handkerchiefs. "Granny was much more elated over being able to give one gift than we would be in giving a hundred, and it set me to thinking." Mrs. Ellis paused, and looking at Mrs. Nupper said:

"Tell Hilda that next year I shall adopt her idea, and adopt it early, so that the dear old ladies may again have the pleasure of working, added to the pleasure of giving."

Another Christmas Story

Genevieve Nulan, '18.

It was the twenty-fourth of December and the wind was bitter cold, while the particles of sleet and snow, hurled thru the air, stung one's face until it was nearly numb. Such was the feeling of Bob Faulkner's face as he walk-

ed along that morning.

For five years he had not been known as Bob Faulkner but as "No. 213." Yes, he had been a convict of Sing Sing prison, and now was pardoned for good behavior. He was of

medium height, had a clean cut face and bright blue eyes. He walked with shoulders slightly bent and head down, as if to keep the wind from cutting his face, but in reality to hide it. He was, of course, ashamed.

He had been well known and well liked, but reverses came to him and as a last resort he took some money from the bank in which he was cashier. He was caught, tried, and sentenced for ten years.

Now he was going home. Home, that word had scarcely a meaning for him now, but he was going, and to see his little daughter and his wife. The day before Christmas and no presents for them. How dreadful it was. He arrived at a poor but very neat little house, and as he opened the door, a childish squeal of joy greeted him.

"Daddy's home, Mumsey. Oh come quick, Oho, daddy!"

She was a tiny fat thing of four years, with dark curly hair, and eyes like her father's. She had seen him many times at the prison, but never before at home. Probably that was the reason for the happiness.

She rushed to him laughing. He took off his hat, stooped down and let her run her delighted fingers thru his hair, pat his face, and finally childlike, put both chubby arms around his neck and squeeze him.

He looked up, and standing in the door-way was Marie, his little French wife, smiling but her eyes damp. He rose slowly, walked over to her, held her at arm's length, then impulsively hugged her, as though he had put all his pent-up yearnings of five years of loneliness into that one being. They were silent. Silence was more eloquent than words could have been.

Then suddenly remembering, she said sweetly, "I have dinner ready now and its hot, so come and eat." It was meager fare to be sure, but he enjoyed it.

Breaking the silence at dinner, Jean said, "Tomorrow is 'Kissmas,' daddy, and Santa Claus is coming to Jean. Oh, I've been so good."

A strange look came over Marie's face, but she said, "Yes, indeed, she has helped me for days and I'm sure Santa will hear about it. Go and play now, dear."

Jean obediently jumped down, ran into the other room, and closed the door.

Marie tried to get her husband's attention again by various means but all in vain, he

could not even look at her

He spoke finally in quiet tones, but betraying his feelings, nevertheless.

"Oh Marie, she thinks only of Christmas and I can't give her anything. I haven't anything. To think that on the first Christmas I spend with her, I have nothing to give. Oh, my poor little daughter!" He dropped his head between his arms on the table and his body shook with sobs.

Marie arose and walking around to his chair, dropped on her knees beside him, and said, trying to keep the tremble out of her voice, "Bob, aren't you enough for us? She will understand and besides I have something to give her. She will think it is Santa."

He straightened up and smiled, "I'm going out to find work if I can, Marie."

They bade him good-bye and stood at the window, watching him go down the street, a little straighter than before and walking a trifle more briskly.

He saw a street car and took it to reach the heart of the city. He found a seat near the back and sat down. The man sitting next to him was reading a paper and offered Bob part. He took it and thanked him.

Finally, the gentleman spoke, "Well, what do you think of the election this year? Did you want Bates for mayor?"

Bob looked up and said rather sullenly, "It didn't make much difference to me who got it."

The other looked a little surprised, then laughed and said, "Oh come now, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Only you see that's the main topic of talk now. Come, 'fess up, for whom did you vote?"

Bob was almost angry, yet the jovial face would not quite let him. He said, "I didn't vote this year, if you must know?"

Again the man's face showed surprise, but he said, "I'm sorry, one good vote lost, for I know you would have voted for the better man. Now excuse me, old man, for butting in, and I'll try to let you read in peace."

While Bob didn't exactly hold a grudge against the man, he wished that he had kept quiet.

A few blocks farther down Bob got off and began his search for work. He asked and even begged for something—for anything even to delivering packages, but everyone was busy. Busy, yes, always too busy to bother with him.

For hours he walked and asked over and over the same question, and always the same

answer greeted him. Finally, he walked down to the shipping docks, in hopes of work there. As usual, no work.

He sat down on some old soap boxes, wondering what to do. There were other ways of getting something for his baby. It would mean Sing Sing again, perhaps. No, he could not. But then they surely wouldn't put him in prison for just a doll, or candy.

He raised his head and looked at the river. It was cold, black and merciless. Would he take that way? Sing Sing had blighted him, tainted him. No one would trust him now—except Marie—he had forgotten. She always would.

Again he looked at the river, his mind a perfect factory of thoughts, raving, tearing, pounding at his poor brain.

With his head in his hands, he made just one appeal in agonized tones, "Oh my God! Help me, help me!"

A hand laid on his shoulder made him shudder. The hand of the law, probably telling him to "keep moving!"

He raised his head slowly and deliberately,

and looked at the man. His "man of the street car."

"Look at me!" was the first command. "I know you, as I am one of the prison officials. I knew you when I was talking to you on the street car, and I have heard about you. Buck up, man! The world needs men like you, those who have seen hardships and still have not forgotten their God. What is the trouble?"

Haltingly, Bob told his story. Then the man answered, "Well, I also have a factory. I'm going to give you a job there. Not today, it's too late, but your first week's pay now. You are honest and you'll be there, I know."

He gave Bob a ten dollar bill. Bob bought many things with it and felt an added joy in doing so, for it was his money. He was to earn it.

Christmas passed pleasantly for the Faulkner family and more so for the prison official.

Bob worked earnestly and hard, received many promotions, and always there remained in his heart a love for the man who knew "just how a fellow felt."

Earning An "N"

By Herbert Sample.

John Hartridge had now been three years in the Newton High School and altho he was large of stature, he had never been able to become a first team man on the Newton High eleven. This fall was his last chance as he had but one more year in school. He was already nearly discouraged for he had been out two weeks and still there had been no sign from the coach of his receiving a place on the first team.

The coach had not picked his first team men as yet, but Hartridge felt one of them. Two more weeks passed and the coach selected his first team men. Hartridge was right; he was not among them. The school itself had been surprised that Hartridge had not been given a place for he weighed nearly 180 pounds and, it was thought, could have been used on the line. But his great desire to win an "N" made him more determined than ever and so every night one could have seen him practicing with the second team.

On the night before the first game the coach told everyone to be in his suit whether he was a first or second team man. Hartridge, who had been thinking of handing in his suit,

decided to stick a while longer. That same night he talked the matter over with his mother with the result that he determined he would stick to his practice a little longer. His mother ended her part in the conversation with, "John, never give up. You cannot expect to succeed the first time, nor the second, but try again. Never give up."

The next day found Hartridge in his suit, standing on the side lines, and altho he had been given no chance to enter the fray he had been there and had been ready. Walking home after the game Hartridge debated with himself; could he accomplish more by staying at home than he could moping around the football field, receiving a kick here and a knock there without any hope whatever of winning the "N"?

He talked again with his mother and only ended with more determination to stick it out, "N" or no "N."

The Newton High School had for years back awarded her students "N's" if they had had any part in defending her in the athletic sports.

Hartridge had had his heart set on winning one of these "N's" ever since he had been in high school and now his only chance to capture it lay in football. But even there it looked as if it were going to slip through his fingers in spite of his courage and grit. Still he kept on, working, advising here and there, informing first this fellow and that, what he should do to make the second team stronger.

It was only on one occasion that it appeared as tho Hartridge was going to make good and that was, one night when the coach tried him as guard on the first team and his heart beat wildly at the thought that he had at last succeeded. But his hopes rose high only to be crushed the following night, for another took his place. Some of the members of the second team became discouraged and a break threatened, but, thanks to the pleadings of Hartridge, the players were brought back. Hartridge by this time had built up a second team that was a match for the first.

A month has passed. It has been a very successful season for Newton High, the team having lost but two games out of seven. The last game was to be played the following day with Duncan High School which is Newton's most hated rival. There had been a cup offered by the school board several years before to the school that first won three games in succession. This year, then, meant a good deal to Newton as Duncan had won the last two years and would fight hard to win the cup.

The coach had every man out till dark that last week teaching them the few odds and ends that they did not know and drilling them on their signals. During that last hour on Friday afternoon the coach wrote upon the board a list of names of the players that were to take part in the big game. Hartridge's name was not there! His look of disappointment speedily changed to one of anger. Why had he not been given a chance? Had he not been out on the field rain or shine? Had he not practically built up a second team? What good would one team have been without the other? None whatever, and yet they had not given him a ghost of a chance. He had even brought some players back when they had quit. Thinking these things over bitterly in his mind he walked slowly down the hall and was about to descend the front stairs, when some one called to him, on looking around he beheld the coach coming towards him at a rapid gait. His first impulse was to go, pre-

tending he had not heard the call, but something about the expression on the face of the coach caused him to wait.

"Say, Hartridge," the coach burst forth, "I want you to be out and in your suit tomorrow, sure, at 2 o'clock. You see, I want you to show Davis how to block and throw out his man, as he is weak on that. I suppose I could, but I have too many things already on my hands. That's all for now. Don't forget." And with that the coach hurried away.

His eyes ablaze with anger, Hartridge descended the stairs. "Well, if that wasn't nerve for you. I'd like to know what you call it," he exclaimed, half aloud. "Here it is, the last game of the season, with no chance whatever to win an "N", and then he comes around and asks me to go out on the field before the game and show that bonehead Davis how to block his man. Ha! Ha! I should say not, not I. He hasn't been able to get any one else to do it, so he called on me, thinking I would jump at the chance."

Muttering to himself, Hartridge walked home smiling every now and then as he thought how surprised the coach would be when he did not appear. On the way he happened to meet one of the players. "Here comes Dickson, I wonder if the coach tried to get him?"

To Hartridge's great surprise he found that the coach had not spoken to Dickson. "He must have missed him," thought the boy as he walked on. Later that night, as he inquired around, he found to his astonishment that the coach had asked no one else. Could it be that the coach relied upon him? Perhaps the coach knew that he understood the game and knowing this had chosen him for this task. The more Hartridge thought, the more convinced he became that this was the reason.

The sun rose bright and clear the next morning upon the small town, lighting up the tops of the highest buildings and shining upon the tree tops. The bright colored leaves shone and sparkled in the light. Then as the sun rose it shone upon the leaves already fallen, making the dew upon them sparkle till they rivaled the leaves on the trees in their splendor. The weather was fair and yet it had that chill which gives one sharpened vim. A better day for a game of football would have been hard to find.

(Continued on page sixteen)



SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is one of the big things in the life of a high school student. Without it a person is an outsider to the big things of his student days.

The spirit in Ypsilanti High School has some room for improvement and there is no reason why the present four classes should not be the ones to bring back the spirit that has been lost. We will all find that by buying tickets to activities, by subscribing to our school paper and above all by boosting the school, we will be better in our work, better in our everyday life and better in our own and others' estimation.

School spirit is not a thing to be laughed at, it is a spirit to be taken to heart even into the very soul of a person and from there to radiate from us in every way possible.

Help our neighbors, our teachers and our school by doing all in our ability to keep order. It will be the biggest thing in school if we are able to and will increase our own self-respect.

We all know the faults of the student body and how to correct them. Let us all pull together then and do this.

It will make the school year of 1916-17 go down in the annuals of the school as one of great reformation and the bringing back of old school spirit.

Shall we do this, students?

CHRISTMAS

"Christmas is here at last." "We got a week's vacation ahead of us." "Gee, just think." "Whatcher goin' to do next week?"

These and other expressions are common now and everybody seems to be in the highest of spirits. A single dissatisfied voice would ring out as a discordant note. This is the one time of year when everybody should be happy.

Yet will everybody be happy? No. Some poor family will look upon Christmas with sadness even with fear because they have noth-

ing for their little ones and Christmas means nothing to them.

Stop to think, students, in the midst of your joy. Think, some one must go without joy on Monday. Think what you could do for them if you would.

You could bring joy to them and make their Christmas equally fine with yours. Shall we do this, friends, and make it a white Christmas in the true sense of the word?

Remember the spirit of giving is much greater than that of receiving and you will receive never-ending joy if you do your part.

SOME REASONS WHY SCHOOL TEACHERS GO CRAZY

Examples of answers to questions in school examinations:

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

"George" is the subject of a fine eyed verb. Geometry teaches us to bisex angles.

Typhoid fever may be prevented by fascination.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

Gender show whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.

The qualifications of a voter at school meetings are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

An autobiography is the history of a man's life written by himself before his death.

The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

Three heavenly bodies are the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—North Dakota Educational School Bulletin.



BASKETBALL

The football season is a thing of the past, and now the basketball season is at hand. It was decided at a meeting of the Athletic Council, recently held, not to participate in interscholastic basketball this season, but to give all our attention to class teams and class games. This stand was taken on account of the financial end of the matter. All the Detroit schools have formed a league and refuse to play outside schools, therefore it would only be possible to obtain games with small neighboring schools, among whom there is no natural rivalry. Interscholastic eligibility rules will be followed in all class games.

The following fellows received their football "Y's": Bernard Kirk, Orlo Gale, Fred Wolter, Alton Miller, James Forsythe, Emil Lidke, Fred Allen, Wm. Hansor, Leo Rodrick, George Beranek, H. Cooney, Capt. Eugene Allen, Chas. Lappens, Paul Hayward, Elmer Stitt.

Ralph Cooney, Robert Novess and Morris Knox received "R's."

Pat was employed in a grading camp a few miles out of the city, and was carried to his work by an express train which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of labor. One morning, however, it rushed past at full speed, and the foreman looked for Pat in vain. At last he saw a badly battered workman limping down the ties.

"Hello, Pat," he said, "Where did you get off?"

Pat turned stiffly, and waving his hand toward the steep embankment sighed, "Oh, all along here."—Life.

ATHLETIC BANQUET

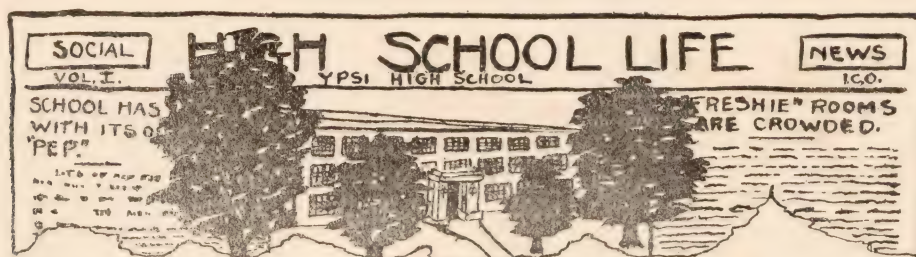
The annual Athletic Banquet was held in the lunch room Friday evening, Dec. 15. The affair this year was similar in effect to those of former years, but perhaps with greater success. The menu was one of sufficient amount to fulfill the desires of those who are fond of the "eats." The program following was well selected and some interesting toasts were given by members of the faculty and student body. Mr. Diehl acted as toastmaster which he filled with equal success. The "Y's" were given to the football men and also the "R's."

At the conclusion everyone present determined that the name Athletic "Pep" Feast was entirely suitable.

Since the printing of the last issue of the "Sem," Paul Smith, one of the most prominent members of the Senior Class, has lost his father. The High School wishes, through the medium of the "Sem," to extend its heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

The Clock.

The clock struck ten,
I turned and then
Was moved to quiet laughter,
Said I, "Dear Miss
I'm going to kiss
You at a quarter after!"
She blushed a while
And oh, the smile,
That then did thrill me so;
It seemed to mock, she said,
"That clock is fifteen minutes slow."



Chapel, November 19.—Chapel was opened Thursday afternoon instead of the regular time, as Mr. Brooks Fletcher was in the city that day. Mr. Fletcher has appeared on the Chautauqua program before, and so this was not his first visit to the city. He was to appear on the Normal Lecture Course Thursday evening. Mr. Fletcher talked about "Cause and Effect." He told of the life of Katherine Ridgeway, who, in real life is Kate Hogan. Mr. Morris, before the exercises began had spoken of our large number of tardy marks. Mr. Fletcher maintained that no one who is habitually tardy can ever succeed. He claimed that the fact that Kate Hogan was prompt was one reason for her success. He spoke about not being indifferent to our opportunities, and that we become what we accustom ourselves to enjoying. We were very glad to have Mr. Fletcher with us, and will be glad to have him again.

Chapel, November 29.—Chapel was held Wednesday morning, November 29. After a hymn by the choir, Mr. Morris read from the twentieth century bible. The announcement included the invitation to attend the Senate Party and the notice of the joint Y. M. and Y. W. meeting. Mr. Morris also warned students not to drop studies unless they have written premission from the principal. The speaker of the morning was Rev. Moore. He spoke about the four maxims of Theodore Roosevelt and Jacob Riis. They were: First, "Fit yourself for the work God wants you to do, and lose no time about it"; second, "Have all the fun that's coming to you"; third, "Go ahead, do something, and be willing to accept responsibility; fourth, "Learn by your mistakes." As Rev. Moore has just come here as the minister of the Methodist church, we have not had him speak to us before. His talk was enjoyed by everyone, and left each person something to think about.

Chapel, November 29.—Chapel was opened

by a hymn by the choir, after which Mr Morris read the Thanksgiving psalms. The announcements were rather short. The Senate Party was mentioned again, and also the school was asked to contribute to the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. baskets. It was definitely announced that there would be no school on the day after Thanksgiving, but Mr. Morris urged the students not to lose interest in their work on Wednesday afternoon, as vacation began Thursday. The choir sang a song, "Swing the Shining Cycle." The President's and Governor's Proclamations were read, and then Mr. Morris said that some plan for helping the families in Europe was under consideration. Professor McKay, of the Normal, was the speaker of the morning. He told of the first Thanksgiving day, and how the meaning changed at the time of the Revolution from one of Thanksgiving for life, to one of Thanksgiving for freedom in law, religion, and education. He said that we had many things to be thankful for. There is no want in the country; our state has abolished intoxicating liquors; we have such a fine new building, and such fine educational opportunities. We should be glad for having such fine graduates—he mentioned J. Breakey, C. Ponton, and J. Hubbard of the class of '16. He ended by asking us all to do our parts toward making Ypsilanti a better city to live in. The choir sang another Thanksgiving song, and the exercises closed with the announcement that the third hour would be omitted.

Chapel, December 6.—In chapel on December 6, new seats were given out. The Seniors have the first four rows on the right side of the room, then come the Juniors, and then are some freshmen behind them. On the other side, the Sophomores have the first eight rows, and the rest belong to the freshmen. After the hymn and bible reading, Miss Glauser, from the Normal, sang two songs. The announcement of the Christmas Pageant was

made and also that of the Athletic Banquet. The cards were to come out that afternoon, and Mr. Morris asked the students with six's see their teachers about their marks. Miss Hoffman, our librarian, spoke about "Good Book Week." Its purpose is to make people "get the book habit," and to read good books. Not only READ good books, but GET some for yourself. She gave some very practical suggestions for the selection of books, and spoke of the exhibit in the library. She ended her talk with a poem, "Oh! For a Book." The Boys' Glee Club sang two songs and chapel was dismissed.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club has started a very successful year, at least it seems so from their first few weeks' work. It now has 26 members who are probably of the best singers among the boys in school. The Club has two rehearsals a week and since they are being held in the Chapel and in the music room in the old building, much more progress is being made as the acoustics in room 121 are very bad.

Their first appearance before the school was made in Chapel on Wednesday, December 6th. They sang two songs, Bullard's "Winter Song," and Bliss's "Lunatic Love Song," and responded to the encore with Lincoln Hall's "Limeric Song." This was greatly enjoyed. The first two songs were sung by the club of last year. We were all greatly surprised at the Glee Club's showing and also immensely pleased. They have certainly done fine work to overcome the difficulty by having no old first tenors, as all of these graduated last year, and Mr. Morris especially deserves great credit. We all miss Louie Wolter especially and wish he were back with us.

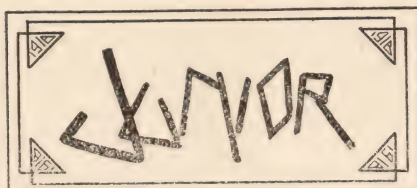
The parts are better balanced this year than ever before and this enables the boys to work better together.

The Limeric song is topical and if anyone has a good limeric on Ypsilanti High School that can be adapted, the Club agrees to use it.

The "Winter Song" is an old standby and none of us ever tire of hearing it.

At present the Club is working on Fanning's, "The Vikings," Wagner's "Battle Hymn," from the opera "Reinzi," and the pirate song from "Pirates of Penzance."

We are all very greatly pleased with our Boy's Glee Club and hope that it will have a most successful season.



The high school orchestra has three Junior members—Matthew Stein, Louis Stein, and Mildred Camburn.

Charles Truesdell was the delegate sent to Lansing by the Junior class. Other Juniors who went were James Forsythe, Alton Miller, Floyd Matthews, and Nelsen Van Wegen.

The Junior girls in the P. L. S. play are Doris Greene, Helen Hurdley, Mildred Horn, and Genevieve Breining.

Ellen Hopkins, Zelpha Howard and Margaret Norton are taking enforced vacations "By order of the Board of Health."

Ellen Smith, after an absence of several weeks, has returned to school. She is better, and is glad to be back to school.

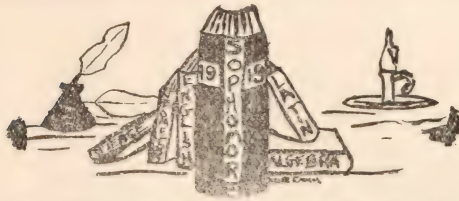
Ruth Carpenter was absent three days while her vaccination worked.

Ruth Fidler visited St. Louis for four days. She was visiting relatives in that city.

There are seven Juniors who have not been absent or tardy once this year. These are Hazel Smith, Everett Lyons, Mary O'Brien, Adelaide Lewis, Eda Hochrein, Ruth Earl, and Genevieve Breining. Ethel Ballard, Dorothy Murdock, Fred Walters have been absent one half day apiece, but have a clear record for the last six weeks. Others with no absence or tardy marks for the last six weeks, but without clear records otherwise are Helen McCalla, Elizabeth Stein, Donna Webb, Josephine James, and Olga Lurkins. These students may be commended for their faithfulness.

There are seventy-five Juniors enrolled this semester. In the last six weeks' period alone, there have been eighty-five tardy marks in this one class. This means that there is above an average of one tardy mark per person for this period. Of course not every person has been tardy even once, so when one figures a little, the average per person for those have been tardy is much larger than it ought to be, since thirty-seven have not been tardy once during this time.

Juniors, please pay your dues!



The first of the social activities of the Sophomore class was the Leap Year Party, on Friday, November 7, given by the girls in the Sophomore gymnasium class. Virginia Paton gave a feature dance. There was a good-sized crowd and all had a fine time.

Gertrude Letter has been absent from school for several days because of her vaccination.

Virginia Paton was absent Thursday, Nov. 23.

Several of the Sophomores took part in the piano recital given Friday, Dec. 8th.

Norma Dolby is absent from school, and will not be able to return until after Christmas, because her mother has small pox.

Clarence Clow, Arthur Schulbatis, Lester Howlett, and Pearl Grahl have been absent for some time on account of not being vaccinated.

Marion Owen has left school and gone to a boarding school in Ohio.

Hilary Jefferson was absent for three days the week of December 7, because of illness.

George Beranek, Dean Ament, and Eugene Allen were absent Thanksgiving week.

Lawrence Brown, of '14, now of the U. of M., visited Room 203 on December 7th.

Zoe Vernon was absent several days this month.

Phyllis Norris is giving instruction in English to Paul Bonilla, a new member of our school.

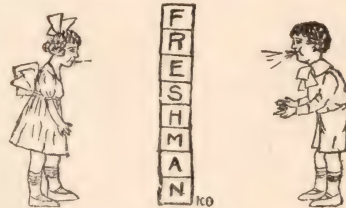
Phyllis Blair has been absent for a week because of illness.

Edna Lord was absent November 28th, to help pick the Thanksgiving turkey.

The Sophomore class pins have been ordered, and everyone is anxious for them to come.

Several of the Sophomore boys attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Lansing. They all learned many new things; also when they returned, each one had a plentiful supply of snuff, which they pass around freely in the different rooms.

The class treasurer would appreciate a prompt settlement with regard to dues.



Jane Elder is just out of a three weeks' quarantine caused by a smallpox case in the family. We are glad to welcome her back.

Frederic Hopkins has been absent for two weeks. He will return as soon as the Health Officer will permit him to do so.

Alice Reid, Mary Helen Lewis, Bertha Parsons, Catherine Hutton, and Wilhelmina Roberts took part in the recital given by those taking music for credit.

A class meeting was held on the Monday before Thanksgiving to choose another delegate for the Lansing Conference. Ferris Elliot was chosen.

Dale Biddle, Robert Novess, Marie O'Connor and Gladys Shock have left school.

Mildred Sparrow was absent because of illness.

Esther and Martha Stochlewitz have left school.

Irene Sullivan, Donald Ross, Wilhelmina Robberts, Eugene Gorton and Catherine Hutton have been neither absent or tardy this semester. Winfield Ball entered late but has no absent or tardy marks since entrance. Many more have been absent or tardy but once. This is a fine record to have. Keep it up.

A colored preacher was begging his listeners to confess their sins when an Irishman came in and sat down in a back pew.

The preacher was exhorting them, "When de day ob judgment comes, some will be sheep and some will be goats. Who will be goats, bredern un' sistern, who will be de goats?"

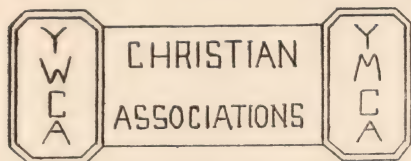
Finally the Irishman called out, "Oh, I'll be de goat, what's de joke?"

Johnnie and his mamma were shopping. A man with a wooden leg was walking ahead of them, Johnnie remarked:

"Oh, see that man with a wooden leg."

His mother said, "Hush, he'll hear you."

Johnnie was astonished. Why, mother, doesn't he know it?"



Y. W. C. A.

The joint Thanksgiving meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held November 23 and a very interesting program was given. There were Thanksgiving articles and stories of all kinds by different students, but the one that was most enjoyed, at least the one that brought everyone's "laughing apparatus" into play, was "Haskmiri Togo's Thanksgiving," read by Paul Smith.

At this meeting Miss Gieske announced the characters for the tableaux, "The Christmas Story" to be given jointly by the two organizations Thursday, December 21. We hope to see the whole school and all their families and friends out that night; we know that whoever goes will not regret his going.

The Y. W. C. A. held a regular meeting December 7. Helen Montgomery gave an unusual talk on "Personality," illustrated by black-board illustrations. Is your character triangular or round? If it is triangular you had better soften the angles and broaden your interests lest the angles cause a clash with another personality.

We stayed later than usual at the meeting because we were so interested in making post card booklets for poor children's Christmas that we forgot the time. Don't you wish you were there? Come! The Y. W. C. A. needs you, and you need the Y. W. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

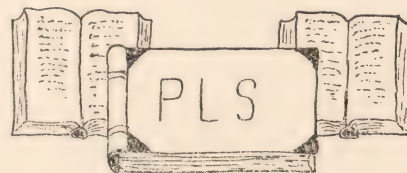
The Y. M. C. A. met in the lunch room, Thursday evening, December 7th. The reports from the fellows who were sent to the conference at Lansing were given. There were Mr. Seeley, and Mr. Vernon. After the reports the question was raised, "Has every man his price?" After a discussion, pro and con, of about thirty minutes, it was decided that every man does have his price, but we do not always know what it is. There were only about fifteen fellows present, but everyone helped to make it one of the liveliest meetings of the year.

Y. M. C. A. members, pay your dues!



At the last regular meeting, Nov. 28th, a banquet consisting chiefly of pie was given. At this meeting, the first preliminaries for the Normal High debate was held. Twelve members participated from whom seven were chosen for the finals. On Nov. 29th the finals were held. Those who represented the House were Stuart, Truesdell and Cleary. They upheld the negative of the question: Resolved; that further immigration should be restricted by a literacy test.

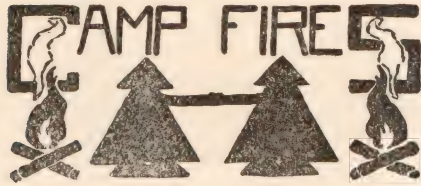
The debate was held Dec. 12th as scheduled, at which time a very heated and enthusiastic discussion was participated in. Both teams showed hard preparation and good delivery. The final decision of the Judges was in favor of the House.



On Thursday, November 2, a meeting was held in the lunchroom. A Riley program was given, including a very interesting account of his life, by Helen Montgomery. Jenny Darling read two fascinating poems, "Grandfather Squeers" and "We Et Out on the Porch," by the great Hoosier poet. Miss Murphy was to have sung, but this feature had to be put off till another time.

The meeting of the 16th was devoted to the study of Rosa Bonheur and her pictures. The story of her early life was given by Susan Platt and that of her later eventful career as a painter, by Helen Kirk. Lucile Parkinson told us of her many paintings and their characteristics. A copy of the "Horse Fair" was shown.

At this meeting it was decided to present the play "Six Cups of Chocolate." The cast has been chosen and the girls are at work, hoping to put it on soon.



HURON CAMP FIRE

The girls have decided to do leather work and make baskets for Christmas. Miss Steere is supervising the work.

Friday afternoon, December 1st, a meeting was held at the home of Ella Hopkins. Several girls worked on their leather work and basketry. Others sat by the grate fire and listened to the Edison which was not idle for one minute. About five o'clock pop corn balls were passed. There never were such ones as these, they were so good that some girls ate five. Imagine!

A Christmas dinner is being planned for a poor family. Each girl is doing her part to make this Christmas a happy one for many children by bringing clothes, toys and so forth for a large box, the contents to be delivered the day before Christmas.

Several of the girls have been expert stargazers as they have discovered all the stars which are on star maps that Miss Steere had given them.

The ceremonial which was to be held December 1st has been postponed until those girls, staying out on account of vaccination, return, because several of them will become wood gatherers.

All the new girls are receiving honor beads. Many, even lots of them. Hurry up, old girls, don't let them get ahead!

Every girl must pay for honor beads before she receives them. Doing so, much of the former confusion will be avoided. Honor lists should be handed in to Secretary the night before ceremonial night.

THE POTTOWATTOMIC CAMP FIRE

The girls met at Miss Sargent's on Friday night, November 24th for a potluck supper. Everyone had all the creamed potatoes, spaghetti, pickles, sandwiches, cake and pie they could eat, besides the cracker-jacks and apples

that came afterwards. They all sang and acted charades until about half-past eight.

On Saturday, December 2nd, seven of the girls hiked to Shanghai Pit. They all agreed that half the fun of the whole trip was the crossing of the dam. After taking in the beautiful view from the heights of Shanghai, they started home on the south side of the river.

In the meeting on December 7th, they decided to furnish a poor family with a Christmas dinner. Hereafter the girls will meet one week at school and the next week at someone's home in the evening.

SHENEMENETONG CAMP FIRE

The Shenemenetong Camp Fire is now a school organization. At our first meeting held in the school we planned for helping a needy family and discussed our Christmas work, but nothing definite was decided.

Our next meeting was a ceremonial, held at the home of Claribel Bowen. We had two guests, Miss Hoffman and Mrs. Sargent. Miss Hoffman gave a short interesting talk on the privileges of the Camp Fire library, and Miss Sargent told in an equally interesting way, about her summer camp.

We had a business meeting at Alice Reid's home and planned for a hike.

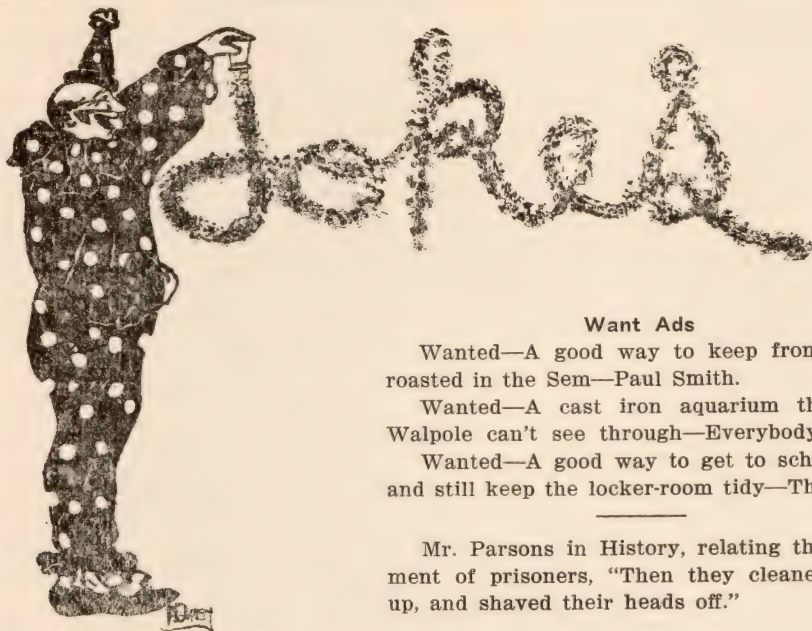
On Thanksgiving Day, we took a dinner to the family we had made plans for, and it was gratefully received. We took some toys to the children, and they were very well pleased with them.

Our guardian, Miss Madeline Walker, is not going to be in town after Christmas, and it will be necessary to find a new one.

A Toast To Diehl

There was a young teacher named Diehl,
Who writes shorthand right off of the reel,
He can typewrite with speed,
And each student he feeds,
'Till we're full from our head to our heel.

There was a man from Key West,
Was eating beef stew with a zest,
He ate without stopping,
'Till with a loud popping,
The buttons flew off from his vest.



Want Ads

Wanted—A good way to keep from being roasted in the Sem—Paul Smith.

Wanted—A cast iron aquarium that Mr. Walpole can't see through—Everybody.

Wanted—A good way to get to school late and still keep the locker-room tidy—The Girls.

Mr. Parsons in History, relating the treatment of prisoners, "Then they cleaned them up, and shaved their heads off."

Miss Cooper was telling a myth, and said, "Because she spurned the love of this god," etc.

Paul Smith—"Well, why didn't she marry him?"

D. Arbaugh, excitedly—"Why, you don't have to marry everybody who falls in love with you, do you?"

Fred Hopkins—"Mother, shall I take grammar or Latin? Latin's lots harder."

Mrs. Hopkins—"The settles it. You'll take grammar."

If a man had a live wire would Ethel Monkey?

The present hall talk turns now on sore arms.

One boy stood holding his arm and remarked to his friend: "Say, where were you vaccinated?"

To his astonishment the other replied, "In Dr. Paton's office."

Miss Roberts: "Is Austria Hungary?"

B. Kirk: "I don't know, Alaska."

Mr. Walpole (in zoology): "Mr. Cooney we will now hear your report," and added, "Mr. Cooney's got 'stomach worms.'"

The paw paws pause, and the cat's claw claws,
And the bumble-bee bumbles all day;
The grasshoppers hops and the eave drop-pers drop.
While gently the cow-slips away.

Caesar's dead and buried
Likewise Cicero.
And to the place where these guys went,
We wish their works would go.
This also applies to Virgil, but I couldn't make it rhyme.

Miss Cooper (translating Virgil)—"And the thought came to me 'tis sweet to die in arms."

Paul Smith—"Oh, is that so? Well, it depends on whose arms you're in."

Why is a Ford like a school room? Because it has a crank in front, and a lots of nuts behind.

Don'ts For H. S. Students

1. Don't spit on the floor—get cuspidors.
2. Don't forget your gum. It exercises the jaws and is an aid to digestion.
3. Don't forget to slap the teachers (principal and superintendent included) on the back with your bright morning greeting, which should consist of "Mornin' ol' chap" or "How's the ol' girl this morning?"
4. Don't forget to throw erasers in history class; they lend vividness to the lesson.
5. Don't forget to loiter in the halls. It gives the place a home-like atmosphere.
6. Don't forget to draw on the blackboards. It trains the eyes of the student to the highest art in sketching, especially in cubist and futurist works. It also gives the teachers something to do for physical training.
7. Don't forget while in room 221, first hour, to hit the freshmen with inkwell corks.
8. Don't argue with Mr. Diehl. He might not know as much as you do.

"What time is it now?" called enraged Mr. Hyde, down the stairs to his fair daughter, Ann.

"This clock isn't going, papa," she replied. Said he, "How about the young man?"

Here's to the student who studies his lesson
And studies his lesson alone,
For many a student is studying another's,
When he ought to be studying his own.

What is the difference between a millionaire and a poor man?

The millionaire has a "twin-6" and the poor man has 6 twins.

H. Harris, "Those fellows are having a circus."

Lappeus, "Who?"

H. Harris, "Barnum and Bailey."

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Earning An "N"

(Continued)

As the morning wore on, Hartridge busied himself about the house, doing his many small duties which took up a good share of the morning. That afternoon at two o'clock he was in his suit out on the field drilling Davis. He worked hard and though at times he felt like giving up in despair he kept at it and by 3 o'clock Davis was pretty well drilled. The game started at three, but long before that time a large crowd had gathered on the bleachers and on the fence. A cheer arose from the large assembly as the Newton team came upon the field. Throwing their sweaters to the nearest benches, they began running up and down the field, going over their signals. The two captains flipped up a coin and Duncan won the toss. They stationed their men to receive while the Newton men lined up for the kick-off.

The sun shone bright, only casting a shadow on the field below now and then as a silver cloud passed over its face. The wind blew just enough to give the air a bracing freshness, but not enough to interfere with the ball. The teams were well matched, Duncan's being slightly heavier but slower than the Newton eleven. The only disadvantage that the Newton team had was that of the sun shining into their eyes when they attempted to catch the ball on a forward pass or punt.

As the game proceeded the two teams could be seen see-sawing back and forth across the field, neither getting dangerously near the other's goal. So ended the first half with a 0 to 0 score. Hartridge, who had been watching with interest from the side-lines, now approached Davis as he came in and whispered something to him which made the other grin and remark, "Oh, you know me, Al." The second half began with the same result as the first and in fact it looked very much as if there would be no winner until the last quarter.

(Concluded next month)

Miss Hardy—"Mr. Truesdell, what does
Mathematics mean?"

C. Truesdell—"Purgatory."

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